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MESSAGE RAYBON'S.

THE OLD CAMPAIGNER.

A STORY.

On the twenty-fifth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, three taps were lightly struck on the fourth-floor door of a house on the Meigeser's quay at Paris, one of those tall and ugly tenements that seem to make cross faces down upon the waters of the Seine from morning till night, like so many antiquated and grimacing buffoons. The three taps in question caused a young girl, who was seated alone inside of the door to which they were applied, to start rather hurriedly from her seat, and to throw a piece of embroidery on the floor at her feet, believing sincerely however, that she had put it on the chair beside her. Whether this arose from emotion at the announcement of an unexpected visit, or an unexpected will by & by appear; but, in the first place, it is necessary to tell what the damsel was, as the reader cannot be expected to take such interest as we could wish in our yet a stranger to him.

Pierre Bertrand, the father of Marie, was a splendid specimen of the old half-pay captain of the empire, such as that personage, or class of personages, became subsequently to the empire's fall. Rude and rough, though warm-hearted; retaining the mustache of the soldier, and all the soldier's habits, among which drinking and smoking held so prominent a place as to swallow almost his pension; perpetually grumbling, yet continually jolly; enormously proud of various sexes and certain relics in the shape of crosses of honor, hacked sabres, and riddled uniforms; speculating in telling old campaigning stories, and in playing at dominoes, all the time that was not spent in drinking and smoking; such was Pierre Bertrand, and such was his way of life.

For his family, Pierre, had properly speaking, two children, although one only had a just claim of priority upon him, as far as blood went. But for his having an adopted child, however, the old campaigner might never have had offspring of his own. On the field of battle, a dying comrade had consigned an infant boy to his arms, and Pierre had received the consignment with as much satisfaction and pride as others might receive a legacy of millions. It was to give this child a mother that Pierre had at first thought of marriage; and it chanced that this step, when he took it, only proved the means of bringing upon Pierre another dying legacy, his own little Marie. But the veteran bore up bravely under his burdens, and did his duty nobly by both his charges. To the boy Jules he contrived to give a good education, and, six months before the period of our story—six months, in short, before the three taps at the door—Jules, then precisely twenty-three years of age, had completed a course of legal studies, and had been entered a member of the bar of the Court Royal of Paris.

It was a proud day for the old captain when Jules donned the barrister's black cap and robe. Marie was then eighteen, and as pretty a blue eyed, merry-faced maiden as could be seen, with a heart warm and open as a sunny sky. Pierre had long settled in his own mind that his two "marmots" as he called them, should be married, and that the union should take place on the day that Jules pleaded his first cause. About the feelings of the parties themselves he had never thought much, and, in truth, they had given him no cause for any uneasiness on this score.

One day, immediately after Jules had passed the legal ordeal, and Bertrand was seated in his lofty but neat domicile smoking silently and furiously, as he always did during any meditations of special importance, when a letter was brought to him. Letters were rare things with the veteran, and he looked long at the post-mark, which was that of his native province. Opening it finally, he read thus:—"Sir, I hasten to announce to you the demise of M. Joseph Bertrand, your cousin-german, proprietor of the foundry here. He has left a fortune valued at a million of francs. No direct heir presenting himself here on the paternal side, it is presumable that to you reverts the sum of 500,000 francs, the half of the whole succession, and which law dictates to that branch of the deceased's relatives.

"Of course you will take the necessary steps to secure your rights." This epistle bore the signature of a provincial justice of peace, and gave other particulars of the case.

Bertrand was struck dumb for minutes, and then broke out by way of thankfulness, into a few of his common conversational phrases, which were composed of some three or four thousand bombs, one or two hundred pieces of cannon, and a proportionate quantity of thunders. "Five hundred thousand francs!" at length cried he; "Marie, my girl, read this. Read my darling five hundred thousand francs! Yes, units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands! All right, Marie, my girl! Hurrah for the emperor! Hurrah!" All was indeed right—and yet all proved not right in the end.

Bertrand, soon after receiving the letter, set out for his native place, concluding that he had but to appear and take possession. But the collateral relations had taken advantage of his absence from the spot, and had prepared unexpected obstacles for him. They had stirred and intrigued most actively, and had bought four or five concubines at some few thousand francs apiece.

In short, it was found that Bertrand could not establish his degree of relationship to the deceased. Certain extracts of birth and baptism, with other indispensable documents, could not be procured, notwithstanding the lengthened researches of the old clerk of the registry, to whom Bertrand gave five thousand francs to prove his titles—which sum, by the bye, in addition to twenty thousand received from the other side, made the affair a very profitable one for the old fox. The necessary documents, however, could not be found, and Pierre returned to Paris totally disheartened, and smoking furiously.

Jules was the receptacle of the veteran's complaints. The young advocate was not slow to pronounce that chicanery and roguery must have been at work, and persuaded Pierre to pursue the matter at law. Within a few months the cause came on before the provincial court of B.—. Jules, whose activity and researches had been unwearied, appeared for the first time as a pleader. While the case was going on, Marie Bertrand was in a state of feverish impatience.

She knew not the issue on the evening of the 25th day of December, 1835.

It was then that she heard three taps at the door of her father's dwelling, and started from her seat to open it.

Jules entered. Marie sat down on her chair in silence, after one glance at his countenance, which wore a downcast expression. "You have lost the cause then, Jules!" said she at length. "No, Marie, it is gained; you are rich," was the reply. The damsel raised her eyes in surprise, and exclaimed—"Gained! What then means this—this—?" Jules interrupted her. "Marie, I quit Paris this evening, and I come to bid you farewell. You will be wealthy and happy! Yes, I go—but you will think of me sometimes, will you not?"

The young girl looked at Jules to see if he spoke seriously, and was stunned to behold his eyes filled with tears. At this moment Bertrand entered. Jules went up to him, placing a massive pocket-book in his hands, said, "My kind friend, justice has been done to you; here are five hundred bank notes, of 1000 francs each—the part of your cousin's heritage which fell to you, and which I received, as authorised by you." Bertrand looked at the papers, which Jules displayed to him; then the veteran looked at Marie, who was struggling to hide her tears; and, finally, he looked at the pale face of Jules. "Why, what is this about?" cried he. "Why do you weep, Marie? Why do I not find you happy and joyful at such a moment? Jules, what have you been saying? Won't you answer me? Marie Jules! By the thunder, there is something here—Marie, girl, tell me why you weep!"

The veteran's daughter made a desperate effort to compose herself. "He is going away, father," said she; "he departs this evening—he quits us—through pride, perhaps. He loved us while we were poor, and does so no more since we have become rich." After this effort, Marie laid her head on her father's shoulder, and wept more than ever.

"I hope, Jules," said Bertrand, "that you will explain this. May I be shot if I understand a word of what this little whimpering means!" "My father," replied Jules, "I depart this night." "You depart—ah, well—how long will you be away?" was Pierre's answer. "A long time, father," said the young man, "a long time—for ever, perhaps!—You have nurtured me, you have given me a place and station in life—I ought to be no more a charge to you! I leave Paris—!" "Jules, you are insane!" returned the old soldier. "Quit Paris! and at this moment, above all others, when you have won a cause that will ring in

the courts! It is folly, and I don't comprehend it. Besides, it is impossible that you can go away. I have arranged matters otherwise."

Marie gently raised her head, and cast on her father a look so sweet, that Jules felt himself enfeebled by its influence.

"Yes," continued Bertrand, "I have had my plans arranged, and for a long time too. Only, I thought I could bestow on you nought but the pearl; but you shall now have the setting along with it, my lad! It won't do you any harm, will it, to have twenty-five thousand livres a-year to keep you going! Come, it is settled. Embrace me, Marie; I am——with him. Come, and let us off directly to the notary!"

"My father, it is impossible!" cried Jules, accents which proved the struggle he was undergoing. "It is impossible! Already do my friends, the court, all Paris, declare that my labors, my researches, my journeys, have all been for this money! Oh, Marie! pardon me—I love you!—Yes, I love you to idolatry! But were you now to be my wife, all men would point the finger at me, as one who would not take the poor girl, but snatched at the rich heiress—snatched at her, as soon as she had become so, and ere she could have an opportunity of seeing other suitors, more worthy of her condition, at her feet! Oh, why did I gain this cause?"

Jules was proceeding in this passionate strain when Bertrand, who had in the meantime taken the pocket-book into his hands, brought the young advocate to a pause by thus addressing him. "It is this parcel of papers which renders you so scrupulous, my boy? It is this bundle of stuff," continued he, holding up the pocket-book, "that prevents you wedding my little girl? Ah, young man, I admire your delicacy. But I will not be less generous than you!" So speaking, old Pierre turned to the window, which he had previously opened, and, with all the force of a vigorous arm, cast the valuable pocket-book for out into the deep and muddy waters of the Seine!

Bertrand then turned from the window, and showing one single bank-note to the astonished and thunder-struck youth, observed coolly to him, "I have kept but this one thousand francs, you see; it will serve for the expenses of the nuptials; for you will not draw back now, Jules!" He continued in a severe tone—"A few moments ago, my daughter was rich, immensely rich, and you refused her hand—like a madman I must say. She is now poor as yourself, for I know she would have been miserable with riches which she could not share with you.—To-morrow you will marry her, if you are a man of honor. If not—but I shall leave you together. Marie will inform me of your reply." Bertrand then left the room, shutting the door behind him with a shock that betokened an angry excitement of mind in the old campaigner. But, after all, the recent loss of fortune seemed not long to trouble the veteran, as, on sitting down soon after to a game of dominos with a boon companion, the latter declared he had never seen Pierre so merry in all their intercourse, or so given to burst into peals of laughter on the slightest excitement.

Jules was completely staggered by Beatrand's act, but, when left alone with Marie, he soon recovered. The sensibility of the young advocate to the public voice was no affected sentiment, nor was his love for Marie; and the pair speedily pledged themselves to each other, hand and heart. They sat long together, yet Bertrand considerably staid out of the way, and ere he returned Jules had departed. It would be peering too curiously, perhaps, into poor weak human nature to ask if Jules did not cast self-reproachful glance into the Seine that night as he passed on his way homewards. If he did look wistfully on the waters, however, the future comforts, to do him justice, of Marie and her father, formed the cause of his feelings at the moment. The case was hopeless at all events. A hundred years' dragging might not have brought up that book from these deep and muddy waters.

The nuptials of Jules and Marie took place a day or two after these events. Bertrand took upon himself the orderment of the marriage festival, and he made it so splendid a one, that the single bank-note of the heritage must have deeply pained the inroad. All the friends of the family were present; and amongst them, the majority, at least of the gentlemen, were deficient in some prominent member of the body, from the nose to the right limb. But the defects of those friends of the veteran were honorably compensated by medals, and crosses, and other badges of renown. After dinner, an enormous cold tart, or pie, which Pierre publicly declared to be a new dish of his own invention, was produced with the dessert. All eyes were turned to the dish, the task of opening which fell to the pretty hands of the

bride. Marie blushingly began the duty, but her first incision fell upon a hard substance, which made her declare her father's fine dish to consist of something totally indivisible and indigestible. "Ah ha!" cried Pierre triumphantly, "cut it out!" Marie did so, and the company beheld a new red morocco pocket-book, well-stuffed, and marked in gilded letters with the words, "Four hundred and ninety-nine thousand francs."

Pierre roared with rapture and delight, as well he might. The silly old campaigner had thrown into the Seine nothing but the worthless old pocket-book!

Jules did not know his worthy master's secret to tell him what meant the pocket-book in the pie. As soon as it was brought out and the lettering read, the veteran's ruse was clear. Jules now enjoys his twenty-five thousand livres of rent, and loves his wife as much as if she had only brought him her heart for a dowry. As to his scruples, he now says he ought to have been glad to get Marie, although she had been a queen.

Jules is at this day a distinguished and honored advocate.

From Wild's New York Despatch.

SPEAKING PLAIN.

There is in this world a great deal of unnecessary ceremony about some great, and a great want of necessary ceremony about others. There is a deal of unnecessary ceremony for instance, in very politely following a man to the lower door, regretting his departure, when in truth you rejoice at it. There would, on the other hand, be a great want of necessary ceremony in following the bent of your inclination, and kicking the man down stairs. There is much unnecessary ceremony practised between women who hate each other, who know it, and each of whom know that the other knows it. That they should carry on a system of ceremonious and unnecessary small talk of which there is no need, while standing in such relations to each other, is a mong the inexplicable in woman's character.

There is sometimes "much too much," ceremony between lovers—and sometimes much too little; and quite as often one extreme as the other. The most amusing part of the whole business is to see two young fools, who have been sighing a twelvemonth, or longer, through each other's nostrils; and who consider themselves as good as married, and fly into a passion of tears or of rage at the mention of the name of any other he or she in the same connexion;—it is the most amusing part of the whole business, we say, to see such a couple boggling at mere words—the formal declaration, the formal acceptance, or the set proposals to Pa's and Ma's of both sides of the house. Yet you shall see your swain afraid to broach the awful question, except by implication; dropping blind hints, as if it were really a great sin to speak plain; and you shall see a damsel, who has made up her mind to say yes, and who knows that it is all understood, hesitating at the word as if it would burn her lips, and after all, not daring to speak it, but accepting a husband by pantomimic gestures.

Thank heaven, all people are not quite so foolish; if they were, there would be no variety in the world. There are, here and there, men who are not ashamed to say honestly, and in few words, what they mean; and there are, here and there, women who can deal as honestly. When such people meet, short work is made of it; and when one of the sensible ones of either sex is opposed to a mingling one of the other, he or she can help the trembler over the bridge. When two fools come together as sometimes happens, they can only trust to accident, to come out of the dilemma, "some how," and accident always assists and favors fools, wherever they are.

We have been often diverted at a tale of old times in New England—short to be sure, but to the point. It so fell out that two young people became very much smitten with each other as young people sometimes do. The young woman's father was rich—the young man was poor but respectable. The father could stand no such union, and resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey—that is to say, she dare not disobey openly. She met "him by moon-light," while she pretended never to see him—and she pined and wasted in spite of herself. She was really in love—a state of "sights and tears," which woman oftener reach in imagination than in reality. Still, the father remained inexorable.

Time passed on, and the rose on Mary's damp cheek passed off. She let no concealment, like a "worm in the bud," prey on that damask cheek, however; but when her father asked her why she pined she always told him. The old gentleman was a widower, and loved his girl dearly. Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride never would have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, so stubborn in such matters, and when the father saw that his daughter's heart was really set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breaking out—"Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry as soon as thee chooses, and whom thee pleases."

And then what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain the change, or until her father had time to alter his mind again? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then as directly to the house of her intended, as a street would carry her. She walked into the house, and told him what meant the pocket-book in the pie.

As soon as it was brought out and the lettering read, the veteran's ruse was clear.

Not sitting down to dinner, he found the family

was exhibited at so unexpected a

moment as the heiress in the window's cottage, but she

needed it not. John looked up inquiringly.

She walked directly to him, and took both his hands in hers, "John," said she, "father said I may have thee."

Could she have told him the news in less words? Was there any occasion for more?

Dr. Marryat was exceedingly eccentric. Of

him we are told—

In his latter days, when he imagined his credit was bad, he applied to a Mr. A——, and abruptly said, "You don't know me; but will you trust me a bed to sleep upon?" The reply was in the affirmative: "Well, then," said he, "I shall pay on such a day." Exactly at the appointed time, the doctor called, but not finding Mr. A at home, he wrote a note saying, "Why do you make me a liar? I called to pay you; send for your money this evening, or I will throw it into the street."

The delightful game of chess, before which all others hide their diminished heads, is the well-known legacy of Persian intellect, and retains in its nomenclature traces of its oriental origin.—

Thus check! the warning of attack on the hostile monarch, is simply Scheit! or "King!" though French gallantry has extended the intimation, at the expense of the etymology, by saying also "echec à la Reine!" Again, the fearful consumption of checkmate! is but the Anglo-Saxon variety of Scheit mat! "the king is dead!"

A man who was in the habit of talking to himself, being asked by his wife why he did so—replied, that he liked to converse with a man of sense.

"You don't chor," as the toad said to the snake, when he was about to swallow him whole.

Monstrosity.—A girl down east said she didn't like to swing in the garden, 'cause the taters had eyes.'

"Hallo boy, ain't you got a daddy living?"

"No, but my brothers have!" "What's their names?" "Why, they're both named Bill, except

Sam, and his name's Bob! My name's Booze,

but they calls me Boozy for short. Any thing

more to ax?"

From the Eastern Argus.

THE AMISTAD PRISONERS.

This is the day fixed for an investigation into the case of the Amistad and its cargo, before the U. S. Court at Hartford. The question, what is to be done with the Africans captured in the Amistad, excites a great deal of discussion throughout the country. Their surrender, our readers know, has been demanded by the Spanish Minister in this country. In support of this demand, the advocates for the surrender say:

It is sufficient for this Government to know that the parties whose surrender is demanded, are criminals in the country, (Spain) whose laws have been broken, and they must be tried in that country, the crime having been committed by subjects of that nation, and under its flag.

In opposition to this view of the case, it is urged that these Africans cannot be considered as slaves—that they were taken from Africa in express violation of the laws of Spain, and of a Royal order issued as late as November last at Madrid—and that these facts will be investigated by our tribunals. A writer in the New York American thinks that there is more reason for securing and delivering up the two Spaniards—

—than for returning them to Spain.

He says in reply to an

ish newspaper—“the blacks who are native

within whose jurisdiction they were brought against their own will, and in contravention of all law! But, if the writer means to affirm that the two spaniards, who are not afraid to claim stolen men as their property; who, together with the captain of the vessel, were at least, accessory to a piracy after the fact, and may be more deeply implicated; who concealed that piracy that they might participate in its profits;—these men are subjects of Spain, and perhaps ought to be secured, and delivered to the authorities, that they may be tried by the laws of that land; and if this is what the writer in the *Noticias de Amistad* means to affirm, it is easy to see the connection, between his premises and conclusions.

A private examination was had, a few days since, of Cinquez and one of his comrades, before the Marshal of Connecticut, through the aid of an African interpreter. The N. Y. Whig gives the following summary of the facts elicited:—

Cinquez, or Jingua as it should be spelled, according to the account published by L. Tappan, Esq., states that he left his father, mother, wife, and three children in Africa, and Bowle said he left his mother, three brothers and two sisters at his native place, Badebou. Bowle said it was six or seven days' travel from Mandingo to Gallinas near the sea, and he did not know any town named Mandingo. It is supposed that they came from a place near the sources of the river Niger. They stated that they had been in battles, in their own country, using muskets but had never been kidnappers. I would never take any advantage of any one, said Jingua, but would always defend myself. Bowle said his oldest brother was in debt, and they sold him to pay it. They have no money there, said he, and trade away men instead of money. They often trade people away to the Spaniards, for powder and guns. Bowle said there was great slavery in Gallinas.

They stated that they were brought down the country to the sea coast, and were chained when put on board the slaver, which was a brig. It was crowded with slaves, there being 200 men, 300 women, and plenty of children. Jingua here got down on the floor, to shew us how they were stowed on board, then moved about on his knees, and as he rose put his hand on the top of his head, to indicate how low the deck was. They said their sufferings were great on the passage, and several of their number had died.

They stated that they were nearly two months going to Havana. There they were put on shore at the city, in the night, and ironed hand and foot. Besides this, every two were chained together at the waist and by the neck. When they were put on board the Amistad it was in the evening, and they sailed about midnight. Their irons were then taken off. Some slept below, and the rest on deck. Two of the Spaniards on board were armed with muskets. The captain of the schooner was very cruel, he beat them on the head very hard with anything he could catch, and he kept them almost starved.

They say there was no persons on board the schooner besides themselves and comrades, and the captain, the two Spaniards, the cabin boy, the cook, and two men who acted as guard. The cook was a mulatto, and the cabin boy is a negro. Jingua and Bowle both said they were down in the hold, and did not see the fight. The quarrel took place when they had been about two days from Havana; the beginning of it was the cook's fault, who told the Africans that they were going to carry them where they would kill and eat all of them. Before that night they were treated badly but that night they fought fair. No African was killed, but all that were killed were on the other side. Antonio said that Jingua did not kill any body.

From the Boston Post.
U. S. DISTRICT COURT.

DESPERATE MUTINY AT SEA.

On Saturday nine seamen were brought before Judge Davis, upon the complaint of E. Smith, Jr., Acting District Attorney charging them with a mutiny at sea in February last. Their names are Richard Musserer, James T. Armstrong, Charles Stone, William Collins, Robert Brooks, John Titton, John Winchester, John Johnson, and John Brogdon. From several depositions forwarded by Robert H. Hunter, U. S. Consul at Cowes, the following facts were disclosed:—

In January last the ship Ulysses sailed from Baltimore for Armstrong, with a cargo of tobacco and Staves. The crew consisted of the captain, (Henry Galt) two mates, ten able bodied men before the mast, a steward and cook—in all fifteen.

enough, when he ascertained that the husband

had been informed of his villainy. At one time he was all penitence and humility, begging of Mr. Flounders that he would have mercy upon him, and saying that his improper conduct had been committed while in a state of intoxication. So object, indeed, were his proceedings, that they only hardened the heart of the man whom he had attempted to wrong. Finding that his groveling was not attended with the desired effect, he assumed the lofty attitude of an injured man, and endeavored to make it out that Mrs. Flounders was a modern Zuleika Potiphar, though he found them prepared for a deadly resistance, and determined not to permit Brogdon, their "spokesman," to be taken. In the meantime Capt. Galt had armed himself with cutlasses, and placed a brace of pistols in the galley as a derriere resort. The mate having reported his inability to secure Brogdon, the captain armed with his cutlasses went below, and there found Brogdon with a pistol, and Collins with a heavier, and the others with knives. He attempted to lay hold of Collins but was knocked down, wounded in the face, and then had his legs tied. The mate came to whereupon he did what he could do enough to secure his freedom, and Collins replied, "Fire and be damned. We have as many pistols as you have." Collins then pointed his pistol.

The mates, finding that they could not contend with the mutineers, used all their exertions to release the captain, and, with the assistance of the steward, dragged him on deck, all covered with blood. The mutineers did not attempt to follow, and taking advantage of this circumstance the officers suddenly fastened down the forecastle hatch. They further secured it by nailing a three inch plank across, and stowing a portion of the chain cable upon it. Thus they were confined and kept upon bread and water day after day. At length they became clamorous for an increased allowance of water, and threatened to burst out from their uncomfortable prison. The captain replied, that he would shoot them man by man, if they attempted to break out, and as they were satisfied of his sincerity, they gave up the plan. The captain then increased their allowance of water to three pints a day. He also ordered the mate to propose to them to return to their duty, but they demanded conditions, and the captain would enter into none whatever, and the negotiation was broken off.

He put into the port of Cowes, and reported the state of his crew to the consul, who, upon examination, sanctioned his proceedings, and sent the mutineer, with him to Amsterdam, where they were transferred to a guard-ship. When ready for sailing, Capt. Galt refused to take them as prisoner passengers to be tried in this country for the mutiny. The Ulysses sailed for Baltimore, and the next vessel at Amsterdam, bound to an American port, being the York, Capt. Larabee, the prisoners were put on board of her, and brought to the port of Boston, on Friday last. The U. S. consul also sent with the prisoners the pistols, knives, and cutlasses found in their possession when they were formally arrested at Cowes. He also sent the rope with which they bound Capt. Galt.

Among the depositions, was one by the steward respecting the provisions served out, and according to his statement the bill of fare was capital for "sailor's grub." Coffee and molasses every morning, and coffee and tea every evening. Also beef or pork with pea-soup and other fixings for dinner every day, with dun fish by way of extra. On the day of the mutiny they had dun fish for dinner, with potatoes, and 15 lbs of beef were cooked, which they could have had by applying to the cook. There was also half a barrel of bread in the forecastle, to which they had a "free pass," with the understanding that it was to last till the end of the week.

Upon this statement of facts the prisoners were committed for trial at the October term of the U. S. Circuit Court.

The Rev. Zelotes Fuller, of Philadelphia, is now undergoing his trial in that city, charged with having committed assault and battery upon Mrs. Elizabeth Flounders. Mr. Flounders, the lady's husband, is a travelling picture seller, and during his absence from the city, in the early part of last spring, Mr. Fuller visited his wife, doubtless with the intent of soothing her lonely hours. Indeed, so anxious was he to comfort her, that he kindly offered his services to act as a husband pro tempore. He told her that she must be lonesome—that she should like to spend her evenings with her—that he wanted to kiss, very bad, and finally concluded by an attempt to go through the impressive ceremony of "laying on hands." The lady objected to his conduct, and endeavored to escape from the room, but was prevented by Zelotes himself, who compelled her to promise that she would not inform her husband of what he had done, on his part promising never to enter her house. But as he saw fit to break his word, the lady considered herself released from her engagement, and told the lawyer, and I have completely *non suitor* the plaintiff; he'll never trouble you more.—*Independent Republican*.

A Roarer that's hard to beat.—A remarkable fine calf was exhibited in this place a few days ago. It was a male four and a half months old and weighed five hundred and twenty-five pounds. (He was raised by Mr. Philip Cosner, of Morris township, in this county.)—*St. Vernon (Ohio) Cabinet*.

The editor of the Washington Metropolis says that "woman are ticklish things"—how do you know, friend Smith? Did you ever tickle any?

Boston Post.

had been informed of his villainy. At one time he was all penitence and humility, begging of Mr. Flounders that he would have mercy upon him, and saying that his improper conduct had been committed while in a state of intoxication. So object, indeed, were his proceedings, that they only hardened the heart of the man whom he had attempted to wrong. Finding that his groveling was not attended with the desired effect, he assumed the lofty attitude of an injured man, and endeavored to make it out that Mrs. Flounders was a modern Zuleika Potiphar, though he found them prepared for a deadly resistance, and determined not to permit Brogdon, their "spokesman," to be taken. In the meantime Capt. Galt had armed himself with cutlasses, and placed a brace of pistols in the galley as a derriere resort. The mate having reported his inability to secure Brogdon, the captain armed with his cutlasses went below, and there found Brogdon with a pistol, and Collins with a heavier, and the others with knives. He attempted to lay hold of Collins but was knocked down, wounded in the face, and then had his legs tied. The mate came to whereupon he did what he could do enough to secure his freedom, and Collins replied, "Fire and be damned. We have as many pistols as you have." Collins then pointed his pistol.

The mates, finding that they could not contend with the mutineers, used all their exertions to release the captain, and, with the assistance of the steward, dragged him on deck, all covered with blood. The mutineers did not attempt to follow, and taking advantage of this circumstance the officers suddenly fastened down the forecastle hatch. They further secured it by nailing a three inch plank across, and stowing a portion of the chain cable upon it. Thus they were confined and kept upon bread and water day after day. At length they became clamorous for an increased allowance of water, and threatened to burst out from their uncomfortable prison. The captain replied, that he would shoot them man by man, if they attempted to break out, and as they were satisfied of his sincerity, they gave up the plan. The captain then increased their allowance of water to three pints a day. He also ordered the mate to propose to them to return to their duty, but they demanded conditions, and the captain would enter into none whatever, and the negotiation was broken off.

He put into the port of Cowes, and reported the state of his crew to the consul, who, upon examination, sanctioned his proceedings, and sent the mutineer, with him to Amsterdam, where they were transferred to a guard-ship. When ready for sailing, Capt. Galt refused to take them as prisoner passengers to be tried in this country for the mutiny. The Ulysses sailed for Baltimore, and the next vessel at Amsterdam, bound to an American port, being the York, Capt. Larabee, the prisoners were put on board of her, and brought to the port of Boston, on Friday last. The U. S. consul also sent with the prisoners the pistols, knives, and cutlasses found in their possession when they were formally arrested at Cowes. He also sent the rope with which they bound Capt. Galt.

Among the depositions, was one by the steward respecting the provisions served out, and according to his statement the bill of fare was capital for "sailor's grub." Coffee and molasses every morning, and coffee and tea every evening. Also beef or pork with pea-soup and other fixings for dinner every day, with dun fish by way of extra. On the day of the mutiny they had dun fish for dinner, with potatoes, and 15 lbs of beef were cooked, which they could have had by applying to the cook. There was also half a barrel of bread in the forecastle, to which they had a "free pass," with the understanding that it was to last till the end of the week.

Upon this statement of facts the prisoners were committed for trial at the October term of the U. S. Circuit Court.

A SPURR OF LITIGATION: REBUKE. Some years ago, a man who had more spare money than good sense, suffered himself to be sued for the sum of two dollars; enraged at what he considered the audacity of the plaintiff, he resolved to put every engine of the law in force "to keep him out of his money," and accordingly applied to a gentleman of the bar for his professional aid to effect his object. After listening to his statement of the case, the attorney demanded only a fee of three dollars, which the defendant paid down, highly gratified with the smallness of the sum. The attorney went to the magistrate's office and paid the debt and cost with the three dollars which he had just received from his client. They met in a few days after, when the man inquired of the attorney whether he had attended to the case, and what was the result. Yes, sir, replied the lawyer, and I have competently *non suitor* the plaintiff; he'll never trouble you more.—*Independent Republican*.

A Roarer that's hard to beat.—A remarkable fine calf was exhibited in this place a few days ago. It was a male four and a half months old and weighed five hundred and twenty-five pounds. (He was raised by Mr. Philip Cosner, of Morris township, in this county.)—*St. Vernon (Ohio) Cabinet*.

The editor of the Washington Metropolis says that "woman are ticklish things"—how do you know, friend Smith? Did you ever tickle any?

Boston Post.

Knowledge is power: Curious illustration.

At a meeting which took place the other evening for the purpose of forming a North London Mechanics Institution, Mr. Basil Monks as an illustration of the maxim that knowledge is power, related the following anecdote:—He was walking a few months ago in Portland Place, when he observed a large crowd of people assembled, and found that it was in consequence of a large mastiff dog having bitten one in his grip. Several persons tried, by splitting the mastiff's ears and by biting and pinching his tail, to make it let go its hold, but in vain. At last a delicate and dandified young gentleman came up, and making his way through the crowd into the circle, requested to be allowed to separate the dogs. Assent was given amid jeers and laughter, when the dandy slowly drew from his pocket a large snuff box, and having taken a pinch himself, inserted his fingers again into the box, and deliberately applied it to the mastiff's nose.

The snuff operated so powerfully on the animal's olfactory nerves, that it not only immediately let go its hold, but made its escape as fast as it could. The dandy was loudly cheered, upon which he stopped for moment, and said, "Gentlemen, I have merely given you a proof that 'Knowledge is Power.'"

VAMPIRE OR BAT. The terrific Vampyre of the credulous vulgar, so often mentioned by writers of the marvellous, with imaginary power to suck the blood of infants and others in sleep, is none other than the Bat. This animal belongs to the genus mammalia, and partakes of the order of quadrupeds and birds. It is sometimes called "a flying mouse." It has a tegumentary membrane extending over the bones of the extremities, so as to constitute wings, capable of sustaining them and conveying them through the air: and are therefore sometimes called *hand-winged*. There is a great variety of species.—But they are all nocturnal and during the day remain in hollow trees, caves &c. and all have very sharp, cutting and acutely articulated jaws-teeth; and they bite with great force, which has probably given rise to the wonderful stories of their nightly attacks on children. And no doubt there have been cases of their biting the face or throat of persons in their sleep. In the mammoth cave in Kentucky, millions of these disgusting animals congregate during the winter season, and are to be seen in clusters at a great distance from the entrance. They have the sense of feeling, or touch in an unequalled degree. Their soft velvety wings enable them to fly without noise, and with great rapidity. It is said they are often covered with what are usually called the bed-bug: and that they are often probably the means of introducing them into our houses.

PRESSURE ON THE SEA. If a piece of wood which floats on water be forced down to a great depth in the sea, the pressure of the surrounding liquid will be so severe, that a quantity of water will be forced into the pores of the wood, and so increase its weight, that it will be no longer capable of floating or rising to the surface. Hence the timbers of ships, which have founders in a deep part of the ocean, never rise again to the surface, like those which are sunk near the shore. A diver may with impunity, plunge to certain depths in the sea; but there is a limit beyond which he cannot continue to live under the pressure to which he is subject. For the same reason it is probable that there is a depth, below which fishes cannot live. They have, according to Dr. Joslin, been caught in a depth, at which they must have sustained a pressure of eighty tons to each square foot of the surface of their bodies.

WHIG BOND OF UNION. What holds the whigs together at the North & South? What is their sign? What their compact of principle? Ask this question of any whig and you ask it in vain. Have they any common manifesto of their principles? Do the speeches of the whig leaders correspond with each other? Look, on the contrary, at the democrats. They hold their principles up to the world, and boldly challenge examination. They are the same in one part of the country as they are in another; does any one inquire where they can be found? Let him examine the admirable address of the members of Congress under date of July 6, 1832, and there he will see them.—No whig documents has as yet answered them, or even attempted it; and for the plain reason that it is unanswerable.

But there is a bond of union the whigs unblushingly put forth; to do them justice, however, it is only done by the WISE, PRENTISS, ATLAS and company stamp. It consists in the support of a popular candidate, regardless of principle.—It is in grain a mere scramble for office. It is a complete system of corruption from beginning to end. Hear what some of the honest whig Journals say. The BOSTON DAILY ADVERTISER has boldly spoken out on this subject. The following is the language of the LEXINGTON REPORTER, a leading whig journal of Kentucky:—

"Can any party exist which is knit together by no higher bond of union than this? Can it be that the great whig party of the United States, has no higher or purer political end and aim, than the mere elevation of a particular individual?"

If such be the fact let the party, at once, be dissolved, and reconstruct itself upon more elevated grounds."

Citizens of Massachusetts! Such is the bond of union urged by such prints as the Boston Atlas. Shall Massachusetts be made a mere tool to General Garrison's kite to gratify a set of fanatical politicians!—*Boston Post*.

From the Eastern Argus.

FEDERAL TROUBLES.

The opposition papers have been in great trouble for a few days, on account of a resolution adopted by the Whig State Convention at Worcester, on the subject of the Presidency. The Atlas said that the Resolution was substantially a recommendation of Gen. Garrison as the Whig candidate, and added, that "it was agreed by every body at Worcester, with scarcely an exception, that Gen. Garrison was the only whig candidate who stood the slightest chance of being elected." At this the Daily Advertiser was quite indignant. It denied that any preference for Gen. Garrison was expressed by the Convention, and replied to the Atlas as follows:

In the meantime, as the print referred to has seen fit in this stage of the proceedings, to make the declaration, that "it was agreed by every body at Worcester, with scarcely an exception, that Gen. Garrison was the only whig candidate who stood the slightest chance of being elected," we deemed it due, not only to ourselves, but to all those who feel indignant at this mode of fore-stalling the public opinion, to declare our firm conviction, that if Gen. Garrison shall prove to be the candidate nominated by the Harrisburg Convention, although he will doubtless in such case be supported in good faith by the active members of the whig party in this State, he will nevertheless not receive a cordial and hearty support, and consequently will not obtain a single electoral vote in this State, or in New England. Such is not only our opinion, but the opinion of many intelligent members of the whig party, and although we are sorry to be compelled to express it at this time, we feel bound by a sense of duty, in consequence of the course which has been pursued by the ardent and inconsiderate advocates of Gen. Garrison to do so."

This is plain talk, certainly, and much more true than that which is generally found in the whig papers. We agree with the Advertiser that Gen. Garrison would hardly receive "a single electoral vote in New England;" nor do we think Henry Clay would do much better. Whatever candidate the whigs nominate will find most meager support among the people of New England. The Resolution referred to by the Atlas and Advertiser has now been published, and is thus written:

"Resolved, That in the present position of the Whig party of the country, the Whigs of Massachusetts, entertaining the highest respect for all the candidates that have been named—laying aside all preferences, and presuming to make no independent nomination of their own—solemnly reiterated their determination to stand by the selection that shall be made by the National Convention at Harrisburg, December next, whether that selection be Henry Clay, of Kentucky, or William Henry Garrison, of Ohio, or any other distinguished Whig; and do *exhort* *urgently*, yet respectfully suggest to that Convention, in making that selection, to consider only who will most conciliate the whig party of the country—unite their strength—and achieve their common and glorious object."

The Boston Gazette says, concerning this resolution:

The foregoing Resolution is well enough, so far as it goes. But as it was deemed proper, to introduce the name of Gen. Garrison among the proceedings, we should have been the more gratified, had a distinct resolution been adopted, declaring the unlimited confidence of the Convention, in the talents, integrity, and patriotism of that distinguished statesman, and his manifold qualifications for the high office of President of the United States.

When is the "light," spoken of by the Philadelphia Evening Star, about to "break in upon the whig party"? when will the "union of the Whigs for the sake of the Union" take place?

MORE DIFFICULTIES UPON THE FRONTIER.

We are informed that considerable excitement prevails at the east in consequence of the issuing of permits by the Land Agent of Massachusetts to Bluenoses and others to cut timber upon the disputed territory. The officers in command at Fort Fairfield say it will be impossible for them to prevent trespassing, if Massachusetts insist on pursuing this course, and Capt. Parrot has seized a boat load of supplies that were going in for Col. Webster who is about to commence operations again under another permit.

Considering the great expense that this State has incurred and is now incurring to protect timber, belonging to Massachusetts as well as that belonging to Maine, from trespassers,

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ing dark, were close upon the sentry before they were discovered. He challenged and fired—reloaded and fired four rounds. The Blues were fled with precipitation at the first fire of the sentinel—leaving behind them two Queen's arms, three straw hats, one felt hat, and a lot of powder—the whole valued at \$18; while the loss to the State was only four cartridges, valued at three cents each—leaving a balance in favor of the State of \$17.88.

Mr. McLaughlin, the British Superintendent wrote a letter to Captain Parrot, in command of the Fort—representing that the mob had obtained the arms at the depot without leave, and assuring him that there should be no further annoyance. It is stated that one of the Blues was cut about eight inches across the breast by a bullet—and another was slightly wounded.

Boston Mercantile Journal.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 24, 1839.

Great Britain, next to the United States, has a greater paper circulation in proportion to its amount of coin, than any other nation on the globe. They have also a National Bank, which has uncontrolled influence over the monied operations of the country—a "Regulator" such as the Federalists of our own country are anxious to have established here, and without which they say we never can prosper. With all these advantages, a currency and currency regulator, there is a greater money pressure, and a more ruinous derangement of trade in Great Britain at the present time, than are to be found in any other portion of the globe.

They are now going through the same derangements, with a National Bank—the result of over trading and over Banking—that we went through without a National Bank, and which the Federalists then attributed to the want of such a "Regulator" like that of England. And further, the Bank of England, and its friends, have been obliged to apply to France—a country where no Bank Notes under twenty dollars are allowed to circulate, and where a system similar to the Independent Treasury which the Democracy of this country are contending for, is in full operation. The Federalists have always insisted that the Independent Treasury system would ruin any country, and yet we have before us the fact that England with her National Bank, and her perfect "credit system," in the hour of her trouble and tribulation, is obliged to call on her Independent Treasury neighbor for aid and assistance—and nothing but the friendly interposition of France, with her hard money treasury, can save the Bank of England from a suspension of specie payments, and distress and perhaps ruin to the whole mercantile community. These are stubborn facts, and they are worth oceans of arguments. Let the candid and unprejudiced examine into the real principles and bearing of the Independent Treasury system upon the great mass of the people of the United States, and there will be but one opinion and one expression as to the benefits that will result from its adoption.

The great misfortune of the Whigs is, that they not only learn nothing from experience, but they mistake names for principles. When they assumed their present name and gave their opponents the name of *Loco-foco*, they imagined that they had accomplished a wonderful superiority, one that would certainly give them success. As though the principles of Federalism were less odious under a new name than under an old one, or that the Democracy would experience a change of principles because they were amalgamated with a name intended to be especially obnoxious and disgraceful.

"The 'Pianos' were unopened, until the 'further order' were received, and those prove to be instructions that the cases instead of pianos, contained coffins, as above stated. So indignant were the members of the house at New Orleans, at the trick which had been played upon them, that they sold the 'pianos' to the Directors of the Charity Hospital, at a dollar apiece—a sum barely sufficient to pay charges advanced.

Waldo, 2
Hancock, west, 1
Washington, E. 1

17

Last year the Senate stood 15 to 10—Democratic Net Gain, four.

We have not seen full returns from all the districts in the preceding table, but we believe our calculation will prove correct.

A NEW BATCH.—A new batch of U. S. Bank post notes have been received here, dated on one of the last days of August, and payable in six months. They were however no doubt issued since the batch dated Sept. 2d. It was found that at the high rate of discount at which these notes were sold, buyers selected those which had most time to run. As those in market sold heavily, and it would not look well to raise the rate above one and a half per month, a parcel were made to run longer. Ten months is a convenient time to calculate. The discount is just 15 percent off, making the real rate of interest on the \$5 paid for 100, just about equal to 21 percent per annum. We should like to know whose relief this transaction is to accomplish.

THE GREAT REGULATOR.

The U. S. Bank of Pennsylvania is regulating the currency now—a days with a vengeance. From the following paragraph, it seems that another issue of its Post Notes has just been thrown into N. York, there they are selling at 15 percent discount.

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MEXICO.—Accounts were received at New Orleans on the 5th inst. via Havana, from Vera Cruz and Tampico, confirming the previous accounts of the peaceful state of affairs in Mexico. The efforts of Bustamente to restore order were signally successful. Several of the cotton gins and other agricultural implements, illegally introduced into Tampico during the revolution, it is said, are to be immediately put into active operation. Moros Multicanal and Coton are now the order of the day in Mexico.

The yellow fever was alarmingly prevalent and fatal among strangers at Vera Cruz. The commander of the English packet Hope, which sailed early in August for England, with near a million and a half of specie on board, died of the black vomit before the vessel reached Havana.

About the same time, the French brig of war Voltigeur sailed for France, with the second instalment of the indemnity.

AN UNFEELING MOTHER.—The Boston Courier of Tuesday says:—"A woman, who has resided for some time in Eliot street, left this city yesterday in the cars for New York, destined to proceed to Ireland, leaving behind her an infant child, thrown upon the world for its existence. On leaving her late residence, she locked the child in a vacated room, to which some passers by were attracted by its cries, and on learning the facts from the neighbors, hastened to the depot, but did not arrive till after the departure of the cars which bore away the unfeeling mother."

DISGRACEFUL LEVY.

Much excitement has been caused in New Orleans by the disgraceful levy of a Mr Robert Elwell of this city, who made a large shipment of coffins to New Orleans some months ago. He had them put into nine cases, and they were of assorted sizes, and made to pack into each other. They were marked "Pianos—with care." The letter in which Mr Elwell advised his friends of the shipment is published in the Picayune as follows:

"Gentlemen:—On board the——, you will find nine cases of piano-fortes, consigned to your order. As the taste for music appears to be making rapid strides in the south, and as instruments such as I send you, must inevitably increase in value, I would advise, that at present you merely take them into your ware-rooms, permitting them to remain in the cases, subject to my future directions."

The "Pianos" were unopened, until the "further order" were received, and those prove to be instructions that the cases instead of pianos, contained coffins, as above stated. So indignant were the members of the house at New Orleans, at the trick which had been played upon them, that they sold the "pianos" to the Directors of the Charity Hospital, at a dollar apiece—a sum barely sufficient to pay charges advanced.

N. Y. Jour. Com.

Dem. Fed.

York,	12	6
Cumberland,	17	9
Lincoln,	11	8
Hancock,	1	0
Washington,	3	3
Kennebec,	2	13
Somerset,	4	5
Oxford,	8	2
Penobscot,	7	3
Waldo,	8	0
Franklin,	6	1
	79	50

From the Hartford Times.

A CRYING SPELL.

The Subtreasury.

Soon after the result of the Western elections was known in this city, a young lad, the son of a celebrated "whig" office seeker, after listening at the corner of the street to a tirade of abuse against the Administration, from his father and another federal-whig, went home, and setting himself on the floor, set up a most dolorous crying. "What is the matter, my dear little Tommy?" said his mother. The lad made no reply, but continued crying louder than before. "Why, bless my soul!" said the anxious mother, taking Tommy on her knee, "something serious ails this child! Tommy, tell your mother this minute, where it aches the hardest."

"It don't ache none," replied Tommy. "What does ail you then?"

Daddy says the Sub-Treasury is coming, and we shan't have any thing to eat—then I shan't have no more bread and 'lasses—boo, hoo, hoo."

"O lordy, lordy! it's the Sub-Treasury what ails my child!! Them loco fucors will kill us all, and distress the rest to death, that's certain.—Boo, hoo, hoo!" [The old lady sits in crying.]

At this juncture of affairs the office-seeker enters, and enquires the cause of their grief.

"Why, my dear husband," said the old lady, "Tommy is fearful the Sub-Treasury will starve us all to death—poor little fellow." [Tommy and his mother sat up a most lamentable wailing.]

"Here," said the office-seeker, "may be seen the practical effects of that odious measure!—When will men see the horrible thing in its proper bearing. I have spent most of my time the past two years in trying to show up this distressing thing in its true light—but men won't mind any thing I say; and my property is going to ruin, just on account of this thing. I'm heartily discouraged!" [Commences crying in company with his wife and child.]

The kitchen maid now enters, and trembling, inquires what has happened.

"O! do see poor little Tommy," said the old lady, "it's the Sub-Treasury what ails him—see how he tumbles about the floor—boo, hoo, hoo!"

"It's bit him!" said the maid, "and he's either got the hydrocephalus or the dismonitory symptoms, true as the world. Poor Tommy!" [Maid chimes in with the others, and cries most bitterly.]

Mingo, the ostler, attracted by the groans and sobs comes running from the barns, and with "eyes like bullets," inquires "wat made sich a debble ob a fass!"

"It's the Sub-Treasury what's bit little Tommy," replied the maid.

"Dat's de same crittur wat trod off my heel toder night in de dark, and scare dis chil most to deef! Wat all yo too, massa, eh?"

"O Mingo, it's the cursed Sub-Treasury," replied the office-seeker.

"Yes! the Sub-Treasury!" cried the old lady.

"It's the Sub-Treasury," sobbed the man.

"The Sub-Treasury!" yelled Tommy.

"Gosh amighty! the Schroub-Treasury!" ejaculated Mingo.

"Then they all set up a crying O!"

Vermont.—The Vermont Patriot affords us the latest returns from nearly all the towns in the State, from which it appears that the Federal candidate for Governor is elected by about 1300 majority. In the Senate there are 12 Democrats and 18 Federalists; in the House 119 Democrats and 110 Federalists; giving the Democrats on joint ballot, a majority of 3.

Where is the man who says Vermont will not go for Van Buren next year?

THE ELECTION.

Returns from all the towns and plantations in the State but 61, give JOHN FAIRFIELD, 33, 415; and for EDWARD KENT, 32, 554. Majority Fairfield in these towns, 556. **DEMOCRATIC NETT GAIE, SO FAR, ABOUT 3,000.** The towns to come in gave, last year, a majority of four hundred for Fairfield.

THE SENATE.

The Senate, we believe, will stand as follows:

Democrats. **Federalists.**

York,	3	Kennebec,	3
Cumberland,	4	Lincoln,	4
Oxford,	2	Hancock, Middle,	1
Penobscot,	2		
Somerset,	2		

8

At a Court of Probate held at Rumford within & for the County of Oxford, on the sixteenth day of Sept. in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, LORENZO S. BUMPHUS, Executor in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will & Testament of William Bumphus of Hebron in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

Ordered, That the said Executor give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the fifteenth day of October next at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

LYMAN RAWSON, Judge.

3w6 Copy Attest: Levi Stowell, Register.

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MEDICAL CIRCULAR.

The article published below, concerning the new and popular doctrine advanced by the illustrious Goelcke of Germany, cannot fail of exciting a deep and thrilling interest throughout our country.

[Translated from the German.]

LOUIS OFFON GOELICKE,
OF GERMANY,
THE GREATEST OF HUMAN BENEFACTORS.
Citizens of North and South America,

To Louis Offon Goelcke, M. D., of Germany, Europe, belongs the imperishable honor of adding a new and precious doctrine to the Science of Medicine—a doctrine which, though vehemently opposed by many of the faculty, (of which he is a valuable member,) he proves to be well founded in truth as any doctrine, of His Writ—doctrine upon the verity of which are suspended lives of millions of our race, and which boldly challenges his opponents to refute: *Consumption is a disease always accompanied by a dry cough, and is often severely lurking in the system for years before there is the least complaint of Lunges, &c.* and which may be as certainly, though not so quickly, cured as a common cold or a simple headache. An invaluable precious doctrine this, as it imparts an important lesson to the apparently healthy of both sexes, teaching them that their injurious vice may be an unabashed inmate of their clayey houses; even while they imagine themselves secure from its attack, teaching them that THE GREAT SECRET IN THE ART OF HEALING lies in *TO PLUCK OUT THE BLADE, AND NOT WAIT TILL THE FULL GROWN EAR.*

This illustrious benefactor of man is also entitled to your ungrudging gratitude, and the gratitude of a world, for the invention of his MATCHLESS SANATIVE, whose healing skill may justly claim for it such a title, since it has so signal triumphed over our great common enemy *CONSUMPTION*, both in the first and last stages, a medicine which has thoroughly fulfilled the promise in the *Materia Medica*, and thereby proved itself the *CONQUEROR OF PHYSICIANS*, a medicine for which all mankind will have abundant cause to bless the benevolent hand of a kind Providence, and who, in his infinite goodness, has caused it to be manifested in the hands of some of your clergy, in their pastoral visits to the sick chamber; by which means they often become the happy instruments of changing despondency into hope, sickness into health, and sadness of friends into joyfulness.

GOELICKE'S

MATCHLESS SANATIVE,

a medicine of more value to man than the vast mines of Africa or the united treasures of our globe,—a medicine, which is obtained *equally* from the vegetable, animal and mineral kingdoms, and thus possess a *TREBLESSE POWER*,—a medicine which, though designed as a remedy for consumptions solely, is possessed of a mysterious influence over many diseases of the human system,—a medicine, which begins to be valued by physicians, who are daily witnessing its astonishing cures of many whom they had resigned to the grasp of the *INSAVABLE GRAVE*.

Of most medicines before the public, the patient is directed to take five or six bottles, and if these do not cure, present in the use of ten, or even fifteen,” but not so with the Matchless Sanative.

It is here worthy of remark, that in almost every instance where cures have been wrought for this remedy, less than a phial has removed the disease—and in no case, where a phial has removed the disease—but in one case, where the inventor does not clothe it with full infallibility.

All persons who live in unhealthy climates, whether hot or cold, will operate and others connected with manufacturers, and all who sell them, are requested to make experiments various insidious qualities, which may be silently clinging upon their constitutions while their countenances wear the mask of health, and while they “suspect no danger in”¹—and hence an occasional use of the Sanative would check in the bud.

Hundreds of certificates from responsible persons who have used the Sanative might be published showing the wonderful cures it has accomplished, but the public will probably prefer to make actual trial of its worth, rather than rely upon what may be said of it by its friends or foes.

DOSE of the Sanative, for adults, one drop; for children, a half drop; and for infants, a quarter drop; the directions explaining manner of taking one half or a quarter drop.

PRICE—Two dollars and fifty cents per phial number.

For sale by the subscriber, who is the only Agent in this vicinity.

H. HUBBARD,

Paris, May 28, 1839.

41

DR. WM. MOUNTAIN'S

Celebrated

RHEUMATIC AND STRENGTHENING
PLAISTER.

THESE Plasters have been used throughout the greatest part of Europe, and have been found to be far more efficacious than any other Plaster for the following complaints, viz.—Pain in the Side, Lame Back, Weak Stomach, Weak Joints, Difficulty of Breathing; or any unpleasant feeling in the Chest, &c. &c.

These Plasters come to hand neatly spread, and only need to be applied to the part affected.

Just received and for sale, by

W. E. GOODNOW,

Norway, 1839.

3w50

Administrator's Sale.

BY virtue of License from the Court of Probate for the County of Oxford I shall sell at public vendue on Monday A. M. the 2nd day of September next, at ten o'clock A. M. as much of the real estate of Arthur Mitchell, late of Mexico in said County deceased as will produce the sum of one hundred and ninety dollars for the payment of the just debts of said deceased and incidental charges. Said real estate consists of the homestead farm of said deceased, being lot No. 14 in Range 7, in Mexico, excepting what was set off to the widow as dower, and if necessary also the reversion of the dower. Sale to be on the premises, and terms to be made known. SAMUEL MORRILL, Adm'r.

Dixfield July 30, 1839.

w51

MORTGAGEE'S NOTICE.

PUBLIC notice is hereby given that I the Subscriptor, hold a Mortgage deed, executed to George W. Cummings, April 31, 1837, by Stephen Buck of Hamlin's Gore, of a certain tract or parcel of land situated in Hamlin's Gore; County of Oxford and State of Maine; a piece taken off the Northwest corner of lot No. nine in said Gore, bounded as follows, beginning at the Northeast corner of the town of Greenwood, thence running Southwardly one half the width of said lot No. nine, thence Eastwardly a parallel line with said lot to a Stake and Stones, put up by the Said Buck, Joseph Cummings and George W. Cummings, thence Northwardly to Bethel line, supposed to be Sixty acres be the same more or less, it being the same land the said Buck bought of the said George W. Cummings.

The said premises were conveyed in Mortgage to secure to said Cummings the payment of said Buck's note of eighty dollars, and interest, in two payments, the first forty dollars, payable in September next, the other forty dollars, payable in December next, with interest and accrued interest, Registry of Deeds for the County of Oxford, Book 51 Page 30, and afterwards on the eighth day of January A. D. 1838 sold and assigned by the said George W. Cummings to the subscriber, Timothy Walker of Rumford in said County. Recorded with said Oxford Records, March 6th A. D. 1838, Book 55 Pages 15 & 16 and said Walker claims to have possession of said Mortgaged premises for the breach of the conditions of said Mortgage, and to foreclose the same.

Rumford, August 15th 1839.

3w1

Bethel Academy.

THE Trustees of Bethel Academy are hereby notified to meet at the Academy Building in Bethel, on Tuesday, the twenty-seventh day of August 1839, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of choosing all officers, required by their by-laws, and for the transaction of all other business which may be thought necessary.

Wm. FRYE, Sec'y.

3w51

Bethel August 1, 1839.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

PAIN cannot exist but from *Corrupt Particles* being seated in the identified parts, where the pain is experienced. These corrupt particles, when in great volume (quantity) are the *Poisoner cause of death*.

It is a solemn truth, that corruption terminates the existence of all created beings; so its speedy removal from the body, when by any causes it has accumulated, is therefore self evident; not only Health, but existence, being absolutely endangered by its existence.

Let us then acknowledge that the only sure means of preventing and curing disease, is the speedy removal of *Corrupt Humors* from the body. *Disease* being only another name for *Corruption*, and *Corruption* or *Corrupt Humors* being identical in all cases of *Impurity of Blood*.

Purgative Medicines are intended to in season, that is when the corrupt quality remaining in the system, will certainly remove corruption; that the blood is purified, thus chronic diseases and premature death are prevented; those whose lives are of the utmost consequence to their country, and families, are often saved.

The importance of this discovery of curing diseases after ages has justly claimed for it the name of *“The Physician to the sick chamber”*.

It is the rectitude of his own acts, in quiet of his own conscience, to his reward. And he gives this his solemn pledge that his medicine shall always equal to what it does.

He then suggests that if he can be allowed to make

SYNOPSIS OF FACTS.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are universally used in every section of this wide extended country where they are made known.

Upwards of fourteen thousand cases of croup have been certified

as having been effected solely from their use since the introduction of them into the United States establishing the fact beyond all doubt that the Brandreth Pills cure the (apparently) most

opposite disease by the one simple act of continually evicting the bowels with them, until the disease goes away; therefore, whatever may be said of the theory, the utility of the practice is beyond doubt.

Dr. B. allows that the curative effect depends on the *Purgative Qualities* of the Brandreth Pill; experiences and a comparison of the Brandreth Pill with others for the same time of year have made him fully satisfied of its efficacy.

All Pills have Van Brandreth on the Label, and George Hodkinson on the edge, are counterfeits, to deceives the public.

These, and indeed, all counterfeits, if used according to the directions which accompany my Pill, are calculated to DESTROY LIFE. They are made by me having no stand or respectability, without habitation or name—perfect carelessness of consequences, provided money is obtained.

(Extract from Dr. B.'s Address to citizens of the U. S.)

And be careful to remember that I have never authorized peddlars in the United States to sell my Pills. These contemptuous persons universally sell counterfeits, and that all Traders who are made agents, have each of them a COPPERPLATE certificate of agency, signed in writing with a pen in hand; and which certificate requires renewal every twelve months, being in guarantee for more than one year from date—observe the date is not WRITTEN, it is ENGRAVED.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D., 21 Broadway, New York.

Dr. B. Brandreth, has at very great expense, established the following offices for the sale and distribution of his Vegetable Universal Pills, which he begs to inform the public, that he is not responsible for any damage which may be done to them by the holder or user.

DOSE of the Sanative, for adults, one drop; for children, a half drop; and for infants, a quarter drop; the directions explaining manner of taking one half or a quarter drop.

PRICE—Two dollars and fifty cents per phial number.

For sale by the subscriber, who is the only Agent in this vicinity.

H. HUBBARD,

Paris, May 28, 1839.

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or any unpleasant feeling in the Chest, &c. &c.

These Plasters come to hand neatly spread, and only

need to be applied to the part affected.

W. E. GOODNOW,

Norway, 1839.

3w50

Sub Agents in Maine will hereafter receive their supplies from the New England Office.

19 BANOVER STREET 19

THE ONLY OFFICE IN BOSTON FOR DR. BENJAMIN BRANDRETH'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL PILLS.

Or of MR. JOHN O. DURLEY,

Who is DR. BRANDRETH'S duly Authorized Travelling Agent for the State of Maine.

The following are the ONLY Agents in Oxford County furnished with the Genuine Pills. Buy them and avoid deception.

Paris—CROCKER & SHAW.

So. Paris—A. Hall, Jr.

Buckfield—J. Cole.

Rockwood—O. Colter.

Arrowsic—A. Green.

Dixfield—J. N. & C. Stanley.

Jay—J. Cole.

Bear—J. K. Kimball.

Livermore—Brutton & Morrison.

J. Coolidge.

Kimbell & Walker.

Woodstock—Welcome Kimball.

Hartford—Hall & Haines.

Greenwood—Welcome Kimball.

Albion—Lovejoy & French.

Turner—Philo Clark.

Norway—John Goodnow.

Weston—James Walker.

Waterford—John Noble.

S. R. H. Gerry.

Stedden—Benjamin Newell.

Fryeburg—H. C. Brewster.

Porter—John Higgins.

Hiram—Jos. B. Butterfield.

Canton Mills—J. M. Doshon.

Oxford—Charles Durell.

B. BRANDRETH, M. D., 21 Broadway, N. Y.

sole proprietor of Brandreth's Vegetable Universal Pills.

eply 32

Dr. Gordak's Gelly of Pomegranate,

AND PERUVIAN PILLS.

A prime article for Consumptions, Coughs, &c. &c.

just received and for sale at the old stand, by

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, May 17, 1839.

430

W. E. GOODNOW.

Commissioners' Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the Court of Probate Court within and for the County of Oxford on the 23d of June 1839, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of the several creditors to the estate of

WILLIAM H. MUZZY,

late of Oxford in the County of Oxford deceased, will meet at the Office of J. S. Keith in Oxford in said County on the last day of August, September, and October next at ten o'clock in the forenoon to receive and examine said claims.

J. S. KEITH,

CHARLES DURELL, Com'r.

Oxford July 10, 1839.

Quitclaim Deeds.

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